

IN DUE TIME.

Frederick W. Robertson used to say that never a prayer went up to God from a sincere heart but it was sure to come back some time, somewhere, purified by having passed through the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few years ago, in the sun-land of the South-west, I stopped with a family from New England who had not been long in their new home in that frontier village. After tea the good lady asked me to look at the photograph of her brother. "Before that brother was born," said she, "my mother gave him to God to be a minister, moved thereto, she felt, by the Holy Spirit. After his birth she took him and gave him to God, in the presence of all the people, and she always called him her boy-minister. But he grew up so strangely wild, so careless and wicked, that the father and the rest of us often laughed at mother, for my brother was really the worst in the family. He grew to young manhood; the whirlwind of war swept him away from us; he came back bronzed and strong, untouched by harm or sword or bullet—but O, so wicked, and, worst of all, an open scoffer at things sacred or holy. Then father and the rest looked sad, but mother never gave up. She said often, 'I gave him to God to be a minister. God has heard my prayer. He will answer.'

"Two years went on. Mother lay down on a sick bed to die. My brother, strangely enough, was unmoved. The last word mother said as we took her hand in parting, that summer afternoon when the angels were coming to her, was, 'Watch for God's answer. My boy will be converted. I gave him to God. God will give him back to me. He will be a minister.' Then she died, without seeing any answer to her prayer, but in the faith that has comforted and sustained so many. Within three months my brother was on his knees, crying to God for mercy. Less than a year after he was studying for the ministry. He is now preaching at the First Congregational church in —," mentioning a certain city in Wisconsin. "Need I tell you brother believes in prayer, or that I do?"

As the little family gathered about their altar that evening for prayer, we read together of Christ's promises in the seventh chapter of Matthew, and then sang with quickened faith:

"At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
And yet in his own time,
The Lord will provide."

—The Advance.

Home Circle.

THE OLD KAISER'S VISIT.

A pleasant story is told of old Kaiser Wilhelm, who, at the age of eighty-five, paid a visit to a large orphan asylum and school at Ems. After listening with much interest to the recitations of several of the classes, he called to him a bright, flax-haired little girl of five or six years, and, lifting her into his lap, said to her:

"Now, my little fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong?" and taking out of his pocket an orange, he held it up to her.

The little girl, looking up in his face, replied, "to the vegetable kingdom."

"Very good, my little fraulien; and now to what kingdom does this belong?" and he drew out of his pocket a gold piece and placed it on top of the orange.

The little girl replied, "to the mineral kingdom."

"Better and better," he said. "Now look at me, and say to what kingdom do I belong."

The little girl hesitated long as if perplexed as to what answer she should give. Was the emperor an animal?

Then she looked up into his face with a frightened look, and, as if she were evading the question, replied, "to the kingdom of heaven."

The unexpected answer brought tears to the German emperor's eyes.

"Yes, yes, my little fraulein," said he; "I trust I do belong to God's kingdom. And you think it time I was there, do you not? Well the day is not very distant." —Exchange.

"SAVE THEM FOR MY MOTHER."

"Both arms must come off."

There had been a sad accident, and the boy to whom these words were addressed had been one of the victims. Both arms gone, and he his mother's only support!

"Doctor," he said after a moment, his white face eagerly upturned, "is there no way to save them?"

"I fear not. They are badly mangled."

"No way?" he asked again.

"There might be a chance," was the hesitating reply; "but it would be torture for you, and most probably you would have to lose them in the end."

"Give them a chance, doctor," said the boy eagerly, "and I will stand the suffering. I must have them for my mother."

"You could not stand it, my boy," said a second surgeon, looking down on him. "It is useless to try."

"Save them for my mother, if you can," was the reply. "I will stand the pain."

Bravely he stood it, too, day after day and week after week, to the admiration of all who came in contact with him. It was not in vain, either, though they told him he would never have the full use of his arms.

"But," he said brightly, "they'll still be able to work for mother."

"I don't know but they've been working for my mother lately," said a tall, rough-looking patient standing near. "I ain't been near her for twenty years, but seein' you go through with all that sufferin' an' pain for yours has made me think a lot of mine. She were a good mother, too, a good mother. I'm goin' home to her." —Selected.

THREE REASONS.

I once met a thoughtful scholar who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: "First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. Tonight I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel." —Bishop Whipple.

THE CHICKENS' FRIEND.

There is a pet dog out West whose mistress keeps hens. This dog discovered one of the hens in a nest. It was evident that he could not understand why she sat there. Every day the dog went to the nest. At last one day the hen left the nest when the dog was near her, followed by a brood of chickens. The dog gazed in wonder. The hen fell to scratching the ground, and the dog saw that the chickens enjoyed what she threw out of the ground. To the surprise of the hen, the dog began scratching with all his might. The hen called her chicks, and they greatly enjoyed the feast he brought out for them. After that the dog and the mother worked together for the brood until they grew large enough to scratch for themselves. —Exchange.